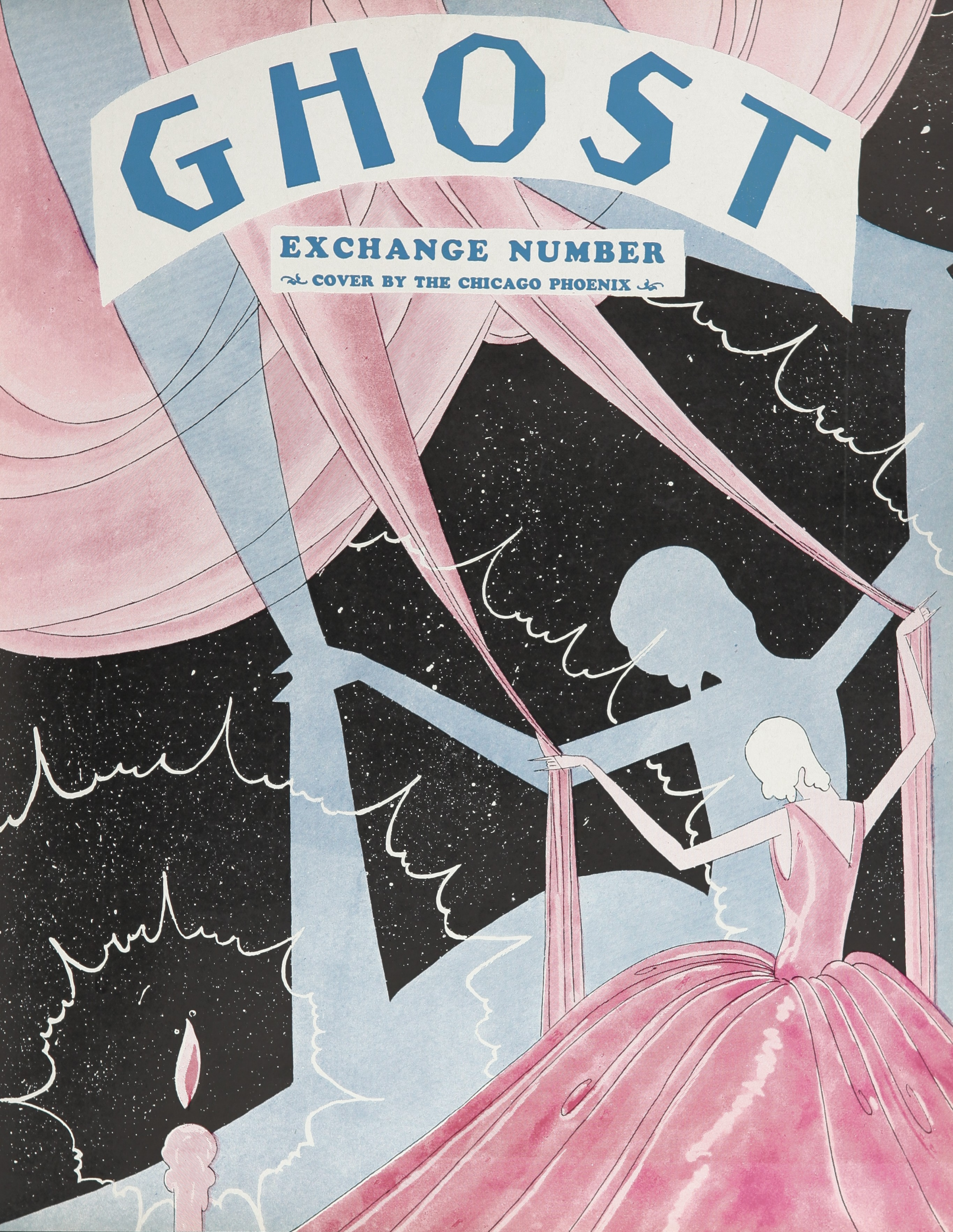


GHOST

EXCHANGE NUMBER

COVER BY THE CHICAGO PHOENIX



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AN ELEPHANT ALWAYS REMEMBERS

Man: "D'ya know how they feed long elephants?"

Her: "No, elucidate."

Man Again: "The same way they feed short ones."

—*Iowa Frivol.*



ACCOMMODATING

He: "Dearest, where is my frat pin?"

She: "The boys complained that it scratched their hands and I left it off."

—*Georgia Cracker.*

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SOMETHING WRONG

Little Urchin to Big Collegian: "Say, Mister, is college really like it is in the movies?"

"Sure, Sonney, why?"

"Then whatcha carrying books for, Mister, huh?"

—*Hopkins Black and Blue Jay.*




THE HONOR SYSTEM

Professor: "And another thing: why did you put quotation marks at the first and last of your examination paper?"

A Certain Student: "I was quoting from the man in front of me."

—*Stanford Chapparal.*



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ALL IN THE POINT OF VIEW

Passionate Young Man (towards end of evening): "I believe that if a man works hard enough he gets what he works for."

Sophisticated Little Flapper: "Gee! But you're optimistic, aren't you?"

—V. M. I. Sniper.



IT WORRIES US TOO

We were reading Mother Goose last night, and have been worried to death all morning. "Did Mother Hubbard's dog starve or did she find a bone somewhere else?"

—V. M. I. Sniper.

NOT MUCH DIFFERENCE

"Is that your new Ford?"

"Hell, no! It's a Lincoln."

—Hopkins Black and Blue Jay.



GOOD FOR HER

She was only a taxidermist's daughter, but she sure knew her stuff.

—Iowa Frivol.



If you want to forget that
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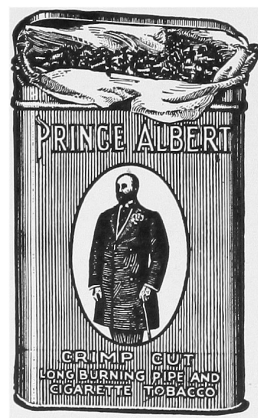
They say P.A. is the world's largest seller

I DON'T doubt it, nor do I wonder why. Just open a tidy red tin and get that full fragrance of Nature's noblest gift to pipe-smokers. Then tuck a load in the business-end of your old jimmy-pipe.

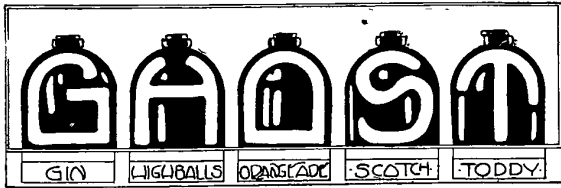
Now you've got it—that taste—that Lead-me-to-it, Gee-how-I-like-it taste! Cool as a condition. Sweet as making it up. Mellow and satisfying. Try this mild, long-burning tobacco, Fellows. *I know* you'll like it.

PRINCE ALBERT

—the national joy smoke!



*You can pay more
but you can't get
more in satisfaction.*



Vol. IV February, 1928 No. 5

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CALL A COP!

"Your end is in sight," hissed the villain.

The hero blushed and sat down.

—*Vanderbilt Masquerader.*



WE WOULD TOO

"What do you think of my brain child?"

"I'd say it was a brain-storm."

—*Vanderbilt Masquerader.*

WHY NOT?

Haig: "What is it you wish to know?"

Haig: "Would you say a fellow who was on his way to dig clams was mussel bound?"

—*Scarlet Saint.*



CONCLUSIVE PROOF

Famous Surgeon—"I have been treating men for ten years and have never heard a complaint. What does that prove?"

Voice from rear: "Dead men tell no tales."

—*Hopkins Black and Blue Jay.*

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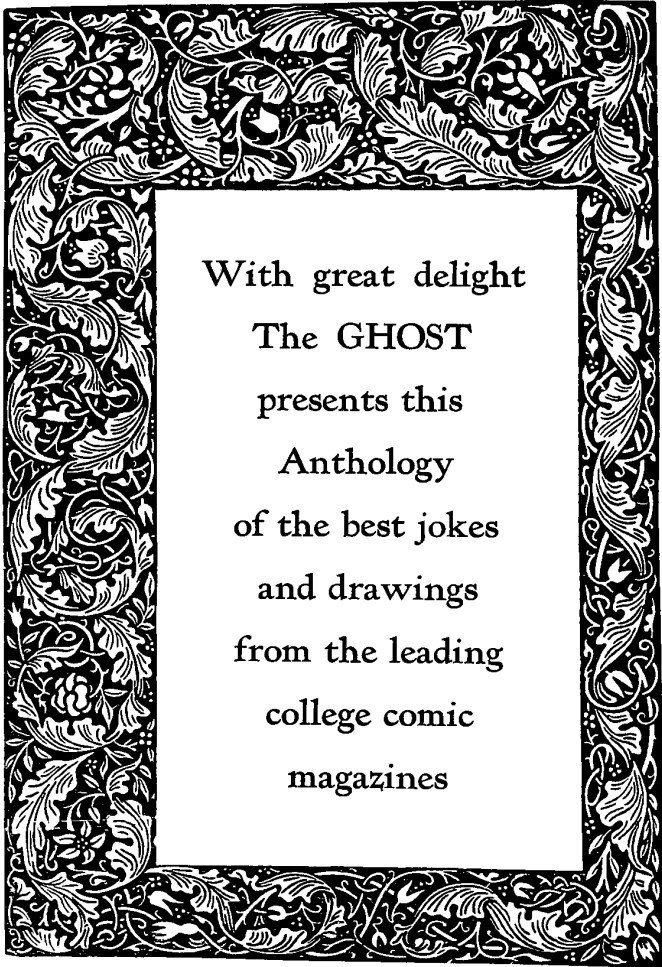
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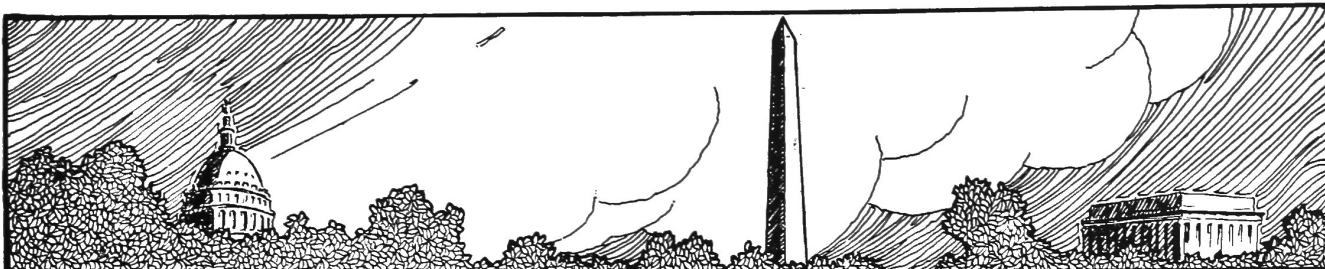
With great delight
The GHOST
presents this
Anthology
of the best jokes
and drawings
from the leading
college comic
magazines

He: You sure have got that schoolgirl complexion.

She: Yes sir! that's me all over!

—*Northwestern Purple Parrot.*





the George Washington ghost

VOLUME IV

FEBRUARY, 1928

NUMBER 5

CAMPUS CHATTER

More Publicity

IF YOU read College Humor, you perhaps have noticed the series of articles which are running at the present time concerning the leading schools of the country. F. Scott Fitzgerald wrote a piece about Princeton, someone else wrote on Wisconsin, then Chicago, and one or two others. This month George Washington University is being given the spotlight by our own Lella Warren, who has made something of a name for herself as a novelist.

While G. W. was far different in the days of Lella Warren (around about 1918-20), we certainly are anxious to read what she has to say. Whether good or bad, it somehow makes us feel very important.

Victoriana

THE following counsel was resurrected by the *Northwestern Purple Parrot* from Collier's Cyclopedia of Social and Commercial Information, which was apparently published about 1880. We relay it to you, dear readers, because it is a very interesting sidelight on this busi-

ness of making love. Always in the vanguard, that's us.

"In private, the slightest approach to indecorous familiarity must be avoided; indeed, it is pretty certain to be resented by every woman who deserves to be a bride. . . . It is always the privilege of the betrothed lover, as it is also his duty, to give advice to the fair one who now implicitly confides in him. He will find her a ready listener, and any judicious counsel offered by him will now be gratefully received and remembered in after life. After marriage it may be too late; now, the fair and loving creature is disposed like pliant wax in his hands to mold herself to his reasonable wishes in all things. . . . She should observe much delicacy in regard to dress, and be careful to avoid any unseemly display of her charms; most lovers would prefer to withdraw their prize, the object of their passion, from general observation until the happy moment for their union has arrived.

Love must be a wonderful thing.

Cross-section

EXCHANGE numbers are a funny thing. When making up the year's schedule the editor jots down "Exchange Number" and thinks of it as a soft spot in the list, where everybody can have a breathing spell. And then, just about two weeks before press time, he realizes that it is one of the hardest numbers of all. As the *Virginia Reel* said: "We wish you much success in this Exchange Number, for having just put one out we are sure we can sympathize with you."

Grateful acknowledgment is made at this time to the *Chicago Phoenix*, who allowed us to use the same cover which appeared on their Christmas Number. As to the contents of this issue, we may say that they represent a very accurate cross-section of art work and jokes which appear in the various college comics.

We have received so many excellent contributions that we will dispense with the second page of our Campus Chatter this time, and will stop right here.



"Don't you think that women are a necessity in this world?"

"They are not—but they make damn fine pets."
—Amherst Lord Jeff.



US GIRLS

"I mean my dear I think this new FLOOD of inDEcent jokes in our MAGazines is perfectly TERrible and I really mean it is hardly POSSible to pick one of them up without perusing perfect FILTH and YOU know, dear, that ACTually it has become a SORry state of affAIRS when we can't have HUMorists that can't write without getting FILTHY and positively I BLUSH to think of some of these perfectly ATROcious publications. Oh, dear, I mean to tell you that diVINE one that HARry pulled at the CLUB last night—I mean it's SIDE-splitting and of course, dear, it's a little risQUE but I know you'd LOVE to hear it."

—Washington & Lee Mink.

SCRAMBLED HISTORY

Dizzy: "Who was Booker T. Washington?"

Izzy: "That's easy. George Washington's father."

Dizzy: "Hmm. Didn't think you'd know."
—Reserve Red Cat.



Zip: "I hear you married your stenographer."

Tip: "Yep! Back in those days she averaged 120 words a minute, but when I got in late last night ! ! !"

—Ohio State Sun Dial.



COME TO G. W.

Jackie Coogan: "I can't decide whether to go to the University of Moscow or Dartmouth."

Baby Peggy: "What's the difference? If you go to Moscow they hang a 'ski' on your name and if you go to Dartmouth they hang a pair on your feet."

—Brown Jug.



Famous ex-lion tamer becomes a dentist.

—Yale Record.



"Is he an athlete?"

"I don't think so; I saw him in class this morning."

—Iowa Frivol.

She (after the struggle): "But do you really love me?"

He: "What did you think I was doing—playing football?"

—Wash. & Lee Mink.

PASS THE PRUNES

I was having dinner with my old friend Joe Bunion, who is something of a fruit farmer. The dinner was fine. Then the maid brought in the dessert, which consisted of peaches which were halved.

"Why Joe," I was forced to exclaim, "what massive peaches these are. Why I have never seen such luscious looking things. Great Scott, you certainly know just how to raise peaches. And m-m-m-m-m, my! They are simply delicious. What do you put on them to get them like this? Fertilizer?"

"Oh no." Joe munched on. "Just sugar and cream."

—Brown Jug.

A MOTHER TO GUIDE HER

Once upon a time there was a young girl who went to College. And this girl had much "IT." And the day she left for College her mother called her into her room and shut the door very softly and said, "Nelly—your Poppa and Momma have kept you cloistered carefully in our little bower all your life, but now has come the day when you must leave us. Momma can't tell you THINGS, you'll have to be your own little guide. But read this little book carefully and what you can't understand I'll try to explain." And Nelly's mother placed a book in her daughter's hand, smiled self-consciously and slipped out of the room.

Nelly looked at the book, completely mystified, opened the pages to the title cover and saw—No, no, dear readers, not that — but she beheld, "Baird's Manual on Sorority Ratings."

—Southern Calif. Wampus.



"Honest, I thought I'd never get home."

"Did he make you get out and walk?"

"Heavens, no! He was a perfect gentleman, but we would have been necking all night if it wasn't for me."

—M. I. T. Voo Doo.



"Porter, is that my coat down there in the aisle?"

"No, ma'am. That's just a college boy going home for Christmas."

—Virginia Reel.

A GOOD IDEA

"How's your Aunt Maria?" asked Boswell in a friendly fashion, with his quill poised over his notebook. "We buried my poor aunt yesterday," returned Samuel Johnson, brushing a tear from his beard. "Indeed," responded Boswell sympathetically, "she died, did she?" "Yes," Samuel muttered, squaring his shoulders, "yes, the dear old lady died, that's why we buried her." Whereupon Boswell raced off and recorded the matter for future reference.

—Stanford Chapparral.

HIS WIFE'S RELATIONS

When I came in late last night my wife was not at home.

Night after night I had come home late to find her waiting for me, and so I could not help being surprised. I sat down to wait for her and think the situation over.

She had made me very comfortable and I certainly did not want her to become dissatisfied, but then she had been such a patient creature and had been so slavishly devoted to me, that I could not believe she had changed. Anyway, it would be well if I should ask her to accompany me to a movie, or take her out to dinner. It had been some time since I had taken her out, but she had not seemed to mind my going out and leaving her at home.

When she finally came in about one o'clock I could not conceal my surprise, and asked her point-blank and at once where she had been.

She said she had spent the evening with her friend, Helen, but she seemed nervous, and did not look me in the eye when she said it.

But what could I say, having just returned from spending the evening with Helen myself.

—M. I. T. Voo Doo.



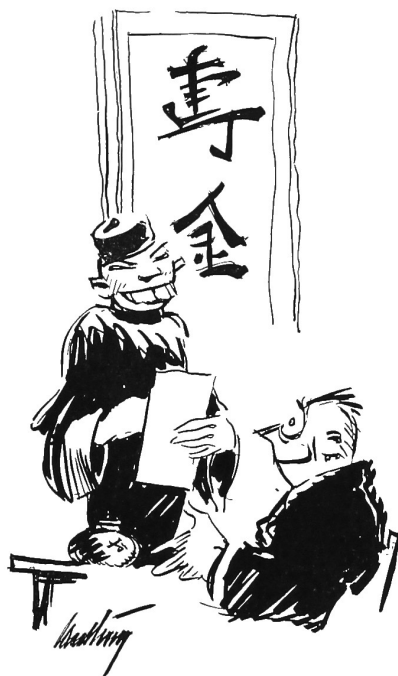
RADIO ANNOUNCER: And now folks, Mr. Isaac Goldstein will sing, "That Old Irish Mother of Mine."

—Spartan Spasms.



It isn't osteopathy, it's love.

—Princeton Tiger.



Cash Customer — How go-ey, Tong? You gottem rice cake?

Retired Heathen—No sir, but the roast beef is excellent today.

—Stanford Chaparral.



A SONG AND DANCE

A gasp of admiration and surprise swept over the audience as Broadway's most beautiful musical comedy star entered upon the stage, clad in a gown compared to which the most modern one-piece bathing suit would have seemed old-fashioned. After performing several hand-springs, kicks, and the like, she toe-danced to the front of the stage, and coyly asked the audience,

"Have you heard the new ditty?"

A gentleman sitting on the front row, who was evidently getting an eyeful, replied, "You mean, do we SEE the nudity, and the answer is, 'We do'."

—Virginia Reel.

WHAT HAPPENS THEN?

"Joe takes his girl motor-boat-ing."

"Why?"

"She can't swim."

—Vanderbilt Masquerader.



SOMEBODY'S WRONG

First Stude: "Say! Whoze that hot bim out there. That blonde baby with that stream-like custom-built body?"

Second stude: "That! Why that is Mrs. Wright."

First stude: "Say boy! I'd rather be Wright than president."

—Brown Jug.

A FOWL JOKE

"That rooster is the cockiest thing I've ever seen."

"Is that right? He used to be a good egg."

—Ohio Green Goat.



So I took the fifty thousand dollars and bought chairs for the standing army.

—Georgia Cracker.



"Is he dumb?"

"Is he dumb! He reads the scandal sheets in the Sunday papers and believes them."

—Hopkins Black & Blue Jay.



Prof.—"And how do you make a harbor deeper?"

Student—"By putting more water in it."

—Princeton Tiger.



The GEORGE WASHINGTON GHOST

Vol. IV.

February, 1928

No. 5

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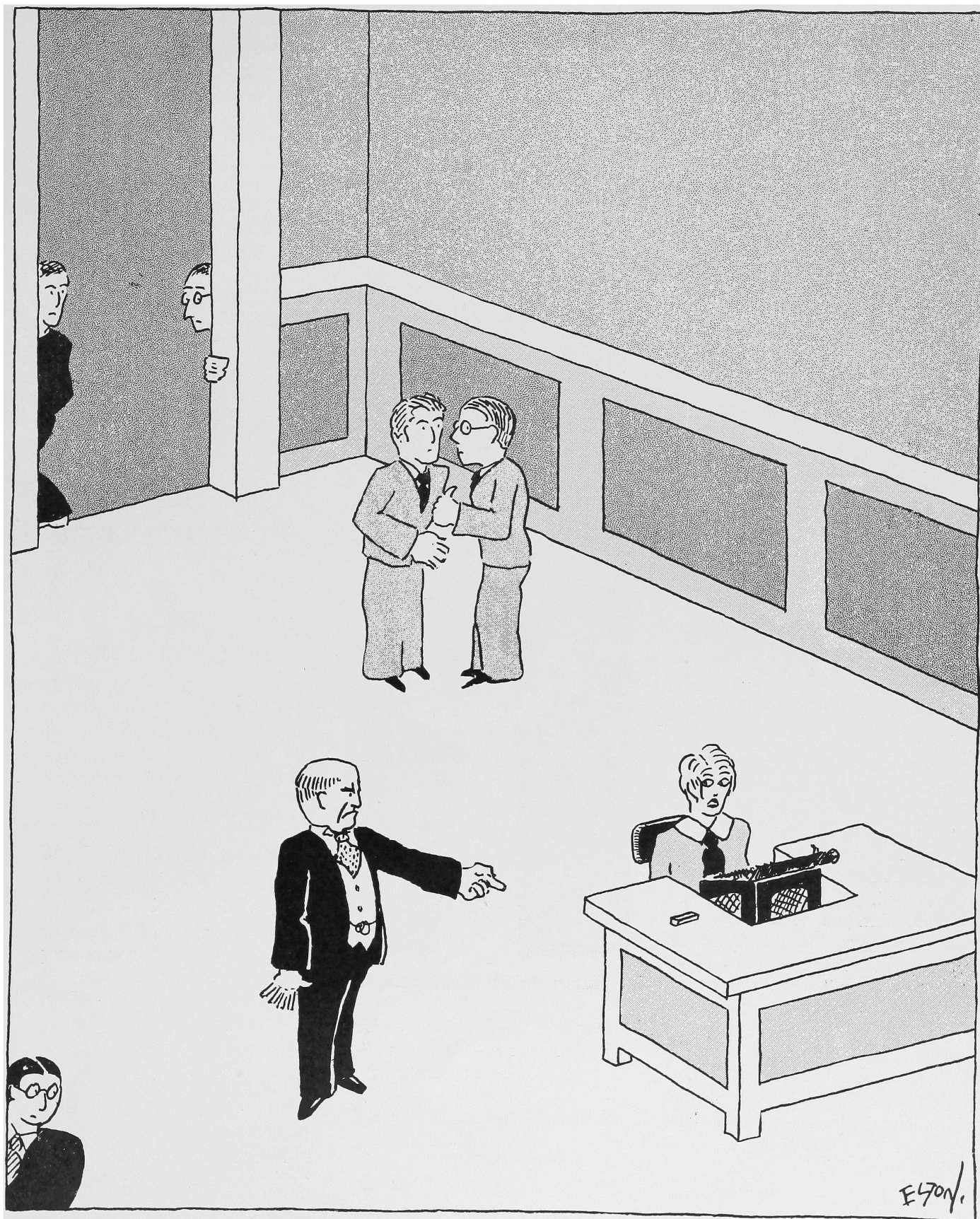
Faculty Advisor: HENRY GRATTAN DOYLE

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MR. WRIGLEY DISCOVERS A PACKAGE OF BEECH-NUT CHEWING GUM ON HIS STENOGRAPHER'S DESK.
—Brown Jug.

A JOKE ON SANTA

Old Santa tells this little story on himself.

One day last December, I found the old lady (Mrs. Santa) working on some tiny garments, as they say. "Mag," said I, because it was news to me, "what's them?"

"Them's doll clothes for the good little Smith girl down in Podunk, Mississippi!" said she.

The joke was on me.

(Editor's Note:

Editor: "What's the joke?"

Managing Editor: "He means the other Smith girl.")

—Virginia Reel.



Bovine: "That new farm hand is terrible dumb."

Equine: "How's that?"

Bovine: "He found a lot of condensed milk cans in the grass and insisted he had found a cow's nest."

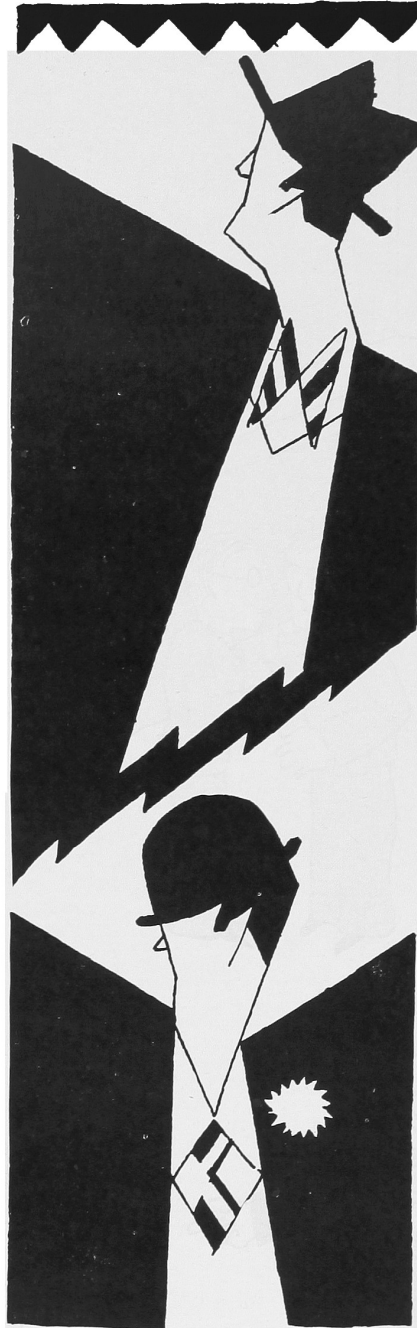
—Scream.



DON'T GET CAUGHT ON THIS

Margie walked home. Every night at the same time she walked home down the same lonely road. Oh, how she hated her life! Those men—how they manhandled her regardless of her feelings! And then, once a year, mind you, "Ole" Olsen took her to town. "Ole" got an immense kick from parading about the streets with Margie, for she really wasn't bad looking. To Marg herself, the bold stare of the farmers was very annoying—she knew they coveted her. But why not? Hadn't Margie won the seventh consecutive blue ribbon for prize milch cows at the annual fair?

—Royal Gaboon.



Mugg: "Do you think Daphne is a gold digger?"

Plugg: "Well, the more I kiss her the looser my fillings get."

—Pitt Panther.



PRELUDE TO A TRAGEDY

She: "My husband!!!"

He: "My God!!!"

—The Cracker.

A MODERN XMAS CAROL

(to the tune of "Holy Night")

Oh what a night

Gosh, what a night!

Lights are bright

I am tight.

I grabbed a policeman

And started a fight;

My face is just ruined,

My clothes are a sight.

I wonder how much they'll fine me,

Or will they indict?

What a night!

Editor's Note: Gee willackers it must have been!

—Ohio State Sun Dial.



"Have you heard the one about the traveling salesman?"

"Shh; wait until we pass these girls."

—Hopkins Black & Blue Jay.



NOW IS THAT CLEAR?

"And I says, 'Don't pull any tricks,' and he says, 'I ain't got any,' and I says, 'Well, don't pull 'em.'"

—Chicago Phoenix.



WHERE'S THE KINDLING

Boss: "That boy of yours is a chip off the old block."

Father: "So they tell me, and, by the way, another splinter arrived last night."

—Log.



She: "My dreams are like eggs — they're nearly always scrambled."

He: "Mine are mostly Freud."

—Georgia Cracker.

FISH DON'T PERSPIRE

A passenger on a train speeding southward from San Francisco was intensely thirsty for a drink of ice-water, the water cooler in the Pullman being out of commission. The passenger rang for the porter and said to him:

"George, I'll give you a dollar if you'll get me a drink of ice-water."

"Ah'll try," said the compliant negro, who returned with the desired ice-water. The passenger, at regular intervals of thirty minutes, requested the porter to bring him ice-water until about five o'clock the porter came in with a dubious look on his face and said:

"Boss, this am positively the last drink ah can bring yoah, 'cause them fish in the baggage car am beginnin' to smell already."

—Stanford Chapparral.



Man (at church confessing his sins): "Father, forgive me, for I kissed a pretty girl."

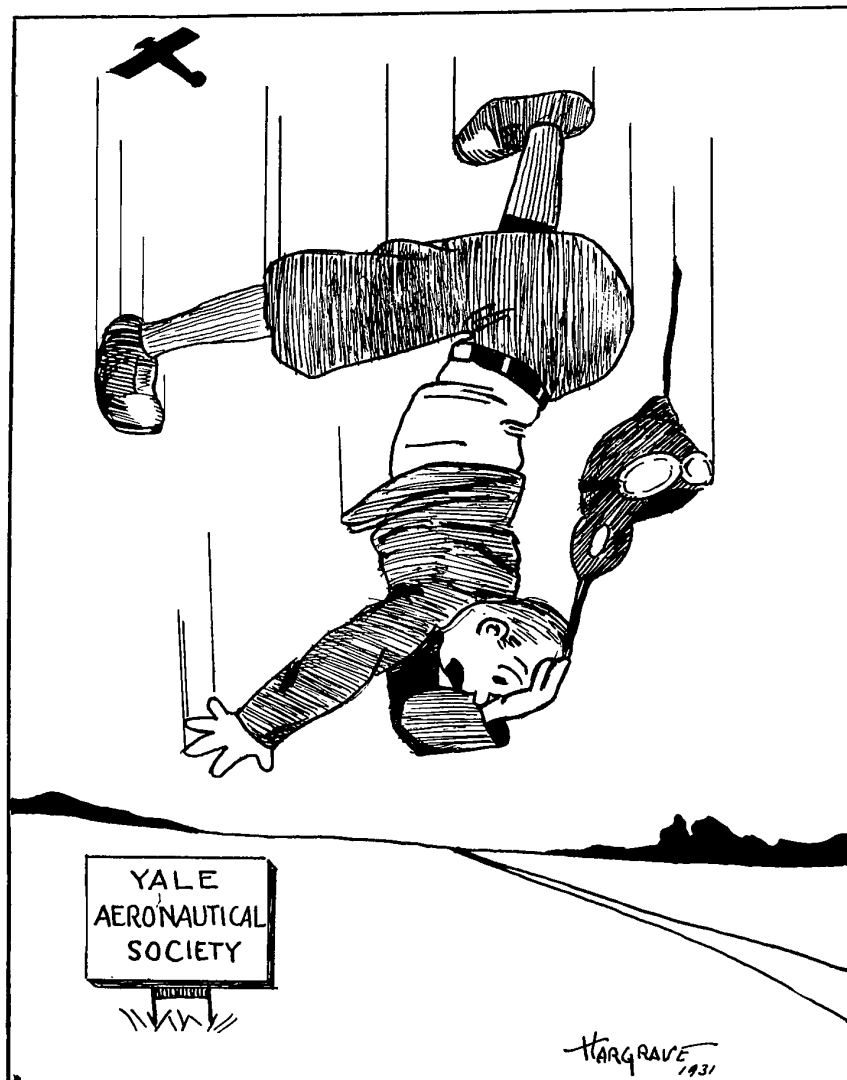
Priest: "How many times did you commit this terrible sin?"

Man: "Father, I came here to confess and not to brag."

—Carolina Buccaneer.



—M. I. T. Voo Doo.



Here endeth the first lesson.

—Yale Record.

Him: "Do you want to dance?"

Her: "The worst sort of way."

Him: "I'm sorry, but really the chaperones are awfully strict here."

—The West Pointer.



Why all the argument about Trial marriages? Any marriage is bound to be pretty much of a trial.

—Spartan Spasms.

"How are you holding out on cigarettes?"

"I am."

—Nebraska Awgwan.



JUST ANOTHER SCOTCH JOKE

"Do you realize why a Scotchman is loathe to send his children to school?"

"They have to pay attention."

—Flamingo.



Jim: "Dora said I was a perfect fool."

Gin: "Cheer up, babe, nobody is perfect."

—Amherst Lord Jeff.



DAISIES NEVER TELL

She: "Did you get your clothes on time?"

He: "Now, dear, I don't ask you how you get your clothes!"

—Hopkins Black and Blue Jay.



Primus: "What kind of boarding house do you live at?"

Secundus: "Not so good."

Primus: "Pray spill the sad tale."

Secundus: "Can't sleep until after dinner, because they use the sheets for tablecloths."

—Reserve Red Cat.



TRAVEL FABLE

Two editors of college magazines went out for a ride. They came to a cross-roads. The road on the left was concrete; the one on the right was gravel. THEY TOOK THE DIRT ROAD!

—Lafayette Lyre.

FACTS WORTH KNOWING

(Snitched from the Children's Book of Knowledge)

A certain percentage of the people in Switzerland are married.

A crowbar will not float.

If all the beautiful women in the country were put to death, it would be too bad.

The inhabitants of Uganda seldom wear gloves as a substitute for socks.

—Reserve Red Cat.



RUN RAGGED

"I do not choose to run," announced our own little Agatha upon reaching the thistle patch—but her six dollar chiffon stockings did.

NOTE: Sorry! This is absolutely the last one of this series we choose to run. Thanks a lot anyway, Cal.

—Pitt Panther.



"Oh, yeh! I remember you! you're the prof that flunked me in finances—"

—Arizona Kitty Kat.

IN THIS AGE

The sunlight twinkled through the old rose hangings inquiringly. The little bed room was semi-luminous with morning. The small porcelain clock on the boudoir table ticked merrily while denoting the ever-lengthening hour of eight. The old-fashioned oaken bed was the throne from whence Slumber ruled supreme.

A tousled, blond, bobbed head moved on the pillow and glanced at the little porcelain clock. "John dear, it's after eight." No response. "John! Come now, sweetheart, you know they are expecting you back from your honeymoon today!" Still no response. The blond head and the person it belonged to arose, donned a bright colored lounging robe, and seating themselves on the boudoir table seat they proceeded to re-arrange the blond, bobbed hair; all the while calling to John.

At half after eight she walked to the window, pulled the ropes, and flooded the room with brilliant sunlight. Proceeding to the bed she shook John. "Come, get up it's eight-thirty. What? Why, he isn't breathing, Oh!" She went back to the closet, exchanged the multi-colored robe



Modern co-ed: One who looks backward and isn't.
—Grinnell Malteaser.



Intimate portrait of a Confederate soldier in a union suit.
—Iowa Frivol.

for a black one, and ringing for the maid—
"Marie."

"Yes Madam."

"Call the undertaker."

"Yes Madam."

"And Marie!"

"Yes Madam."

"Cook only one egg for breakfast."

—V. M. I. Sniper.



"What's de name of de gent youse was just wit'?"

"I dunno. Justa second an' I'll see if it's in dis pocketbook of his'n."

—Georgia Cracker.



TAKE YOUR CHOICE

Jack had just been informed by his guv'nor that he was spending twice as much money at college than he should.

"Son," remarked the guv, "I know you're spending it on whiskey and women. I don't mind your fooling with one of these, but you can't keep up the pace with both. You've got to cut out one of them absolutely."

"All right, Dad, I'm willing. Which one would you advise me cutting out?"

The old man thought in silence for a moment and then he answered:

"Son, you can drink all the whiskey you want when you get old."

—Wash. & Lee Mink.

GOOD OLD HENRY

Editor: "Thank goodness, the new Ford finally came out."

Ass't Ed.: "Why boss?"

Ed: "We're sure of at least ten or twelve jokes every issue now."

—Ohio State Sun Dial.



AU CASSEROLE

Cannibal Chef: "How shall I cook this American, Chief?"

Cannibal Chief: "Stewed."

Cannibal Chef: "Fine, that's how I found him."

—Virginia Reel.



LIKE FATHER LIKE SON

"My boy, when you grow up I want you to be a gentleman."

"I don't want to be a gentleman, pop, I want to be like you."

—The West Pointer.



Same Absent-minded Professor—Come, Oswald, we must hurry—papa's forgotten his umbrella again.

—Stanford Chaparral.

NUIT DE NOEL

A DRAMA OF SOCIETY LIFE, IN ONE SPASM

By Schofield Gulp

A Dramatist of Note (B Flat)

CAST OF CHARACTERS

SANTA CLAUS..... By Himself (He should be)
 BOBBY, age seven..... Herschel Priff

The orchestra plays Christmas Carols softly, then passes out on the left. The curtain rises slowly on a sumptuously furnished drawing room. (No one is drawing.) BOBBY is attired in pink flannel pajamas, and is reading a volume of Have-lock Ellis. As he hears a slight noise off stage (made by dropping an anvil down two flights of stairs) he flips a Lucky Strike in the fireplace and starts singing "The Pilgrims' Chorus." SANTA tiptoes from the fireplace, starting with surprise at seeing BOBBY. (It is immaterial where he starts.)

SANTA: What! Aren't you asleep yet?

BOBBY: Why in Hell should I be? It's only twelve o'clock. The evening is yet a pup. But why are you arrayed in that ridiculous garb? Another damned alien, I suppose.

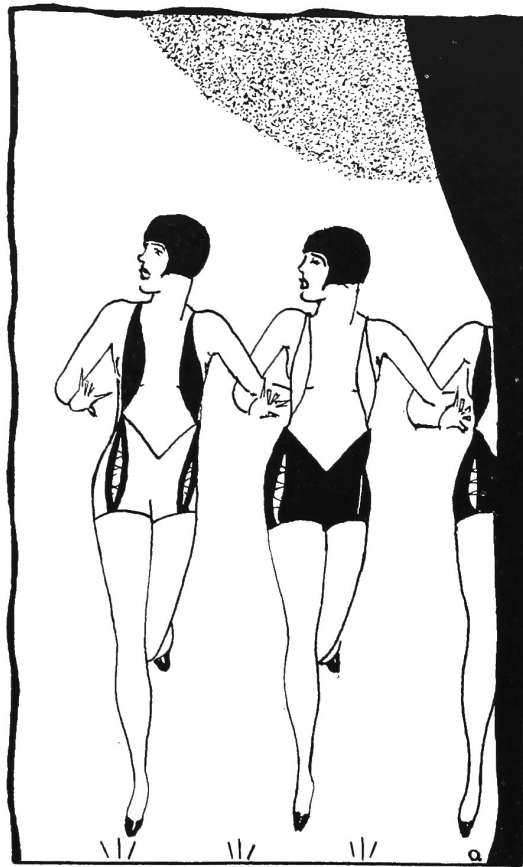
SANTA (bewildered): Alien? Garb? Why, I'm Santa Claus!



GREAT AMERICAN INDUSTRIES No. 1

First step in the process of making chipped beef.

—Reserve Red Cat.



Old Timer—You dropped your cue, dearie.

Novice—Doggone that wardrobe mistress who helped me dress.

—Hopkins Black and Blue Jay.

BOBBY: Santa, my eye. You'd better take a cold tub, then, before Mother catches you drunk!

(SANTA drops his pack with a sigh of distress, and falls on the floor in a faint.)

BOBBY (opening book): Ma! Here's the old man passed out again.

Curtain (asbestos)

—Washington & Lee Mink.



WHOOPS, MY DEAR!

They were in the street car,
 And she was cross,
 Doing a cross-word puzzle,
 While he sat across from her
 Getting cross-eyed
 Looking at her crossed legs.

—Reserve Red Cat.

PUNGENT CRITICISMS

Rodney Tattersall, our special investigator, visits the Troubadours' musical comedy.

I understood that the sociology classes were told to see "Sadie Thompson". However, not wishing a turkish bath, I crashed Wardman theater to see *Sharps and Frats*.

Here's how the show looked to your obedient servant:

Sharps—94%
 Frats—1%
 Denis Connell—500%
 Larry and Elmer—184.2%
 Pi Phi—28%
 Chi O—17%
 Sigma Kappa—7%
 Sigma Chi—7%
 Kappa Sig—5%
 Theta Delt—4%
 Phi Sig (including doormen,
 stagehands, etc.)—4%
 All others—23%



When Dumdora said, "O boy—Likker!" it sounded mighty spontaneous to me.



In the chorus 25% was non-Greek; 20% being Peggy Eckels.



Sherman Johnson, who sat close to us on Thursday night, claimed that "See what love did" was the best act in the show to his way of thinking. By the way, we went up to the Capitol the other day, and who should order us to take our limousine off the grass but Sherman himself! He is completing Dick Rollo's scenario of "From Campus to Congress."

The little wide-eyed child friend of Dick Rollo's, Janet Sheppard, kept saying, "Follow Hattie and you'll wear diamonds." We interviewed 3 stage hands, 5 principals, 29 chorines, Hattie, and Larry Parker, and yet we have to find out the meaning.



A statistical analysis of the principals of the show reveals:

Janet Sheppard—85%
 Jerry Sickler—80%
 Larry Parker (the sailor—we knew ya Larry, ya can't fool us)—72%
 Burrus Williams—50%
 Max Tendler—40%
 Billie Wright—37%
 Louise Littlepage—32%
 Marion Campbell—24%
 J. T. Heare—9.734532% (maybe this is overdone; so was he.)
 Earl Nalls—5%



The three choruses all managed to distinguish themselves somehow. The big chorus kept perfect rhythm, and (with the exception of one girl) smiled broadly. The middle chorus I liked because one of the girls lost part of her costume. And the little chorus seemed to have such a good time! All in all, it was a good show. The seats, I might add, were very comfortable.



THE THEATRE

By JOHN MILLIGAN



(In the absence of Mr. Milligan, this page is being conducted by Wink Marshall and Ye Editor.)

EVERYONE, sooner or later, feels that it is his Christian duty to be philanthropic. Strange as it may seem, we had this feeling a while back and decided that we would play Santy Claus to somebody who needed charity, and upon looking around we concluded that no one needed it more than the chorus girls. Oddly enough, we decided that the Broadway chorines were the ones that were the most destitute. Every time we have seen them they appeared to be in a deplorable state—hardly any clothes to wear, etc.

So Mr. Milligan was commissioned to go to New York and look over the situation. He has gone far from our midst; we miss him even more than you do, but we shall have to content ourselves with the thought that he is now doing a great philanthropic work. So much for that.

We gave him \$187. With part of this sum he will buy calico dresses and woollen doodads for each and every chorus girl, and when the wind whis-



This is one of the cases which Mr. Milligan will investigate while in New York. The young lady whom we see here is Miss Helen Brown, of the Ziegfeld Follies. This picture was snapped just after she had crawled through a barbed-wire fence, which probably accounts for her tattered clothes.

tles around Times Square they will no longer shiver and wish they were back in Georgia. We figure that he will have about \$91.37 left after he has outfitted every girl. With the remainder he has instructions to establish

a sinking fund which will aid in the support of each deserving girl. Now we all know that chorus girls have a pretty hard time making both ends meet. They do many little odd jobs on the side, such as dabbling in Art, selling papers, repairing locomotives, or driving taxicabs. With our sinking fund each girl will be paid a certain sum every week, and in this way we can help to keep the wolf from her door.

It's really a marvelous scheme, as it will save so much hardship and suffering in the life of the chorine. You, too, can help if you so desire.

BULLETIN:

We have just received a wire (collect) from Milligan, saying that he met Miss Brown, who convinced him that a fur coat would be a lot better than a calico dress, etc. Milligan says the \$187 lasted about two minutes, and wants a whole lot more. Everybody help!

There is still a lot of space to fill up (we never realized what a help Milligan was) so we are going to take this opportunity to be of service to the G. W.

(Continued on Page 24)



AS TO BOOKS

By Elbert L. Huber



Andrew Jackson

Gerald W. Johnson has done more than a biography of one of our Presidents; he has given us a living drama in narrative. Perhaps no other American lends himself to such a medium as the dynamic Andrew Jackson, who was the first son of the soil to enter the White House.

The author does not spare Jackson's faults, but shows that the rise of the hero in not a few instances was born in those same shortcomings. Few of us are so fortunate. We cannot help but admire the man who entered the White House in 1829, broken in body and assailed on all sides by his enemies.

The book is thoroughly readable and absorbing as only the colorful life of "Old Hickory" could be. His bitterest opponents cannot help but admire the indomitable spirit of General Jackson, which broke the tradition that the President's chair should be filled by the first families.



LELLA WARREN

the G. W. grad who writes about her *alma mater* in the current issue of *College Humor*.

Claire Ambler

The prolific pen of Booth Tarkington has brought forth another one of his delightful American novels, *Claire Ambler*, the flapper in peachbloom perfection.

In three episodes, the author has undertaken to penetrate the mystery of the flapper's mind. To the satisfaction of all cynical males, he arrives at the conclusion that nothing much goes on behind the "magazine cover face", but by the time Claire is twenty-five years old she rather unconvincingly begins to think about others. The book ends tamely, with her saying "I do."

We have a touch of "Seventeen" in her first affair with Nelson Smock, the college sophomore, which is by far the best of the three stories. The plot and action are negligible, but the Tarkington humour and colour is there, as refreshing as ever. Just a nice, amusing story which will please his admirers and disappoint others because it fails to approach the depths of "Alice Adams".

We sadly note that this is his twenty-ninth book, which possibly means that his publishers are on his neck or the next installment is due.

SOME NEW BOOKS

Take your choice but don't blame us:

LITTLE BENNY'S BOOK (Macy-Masins) By Lee Pape. Don Herold and we all like this book, but Don likes it better than we.

ART OF THEATRE GOING (Houghton-Mifflin Co.). John Drinkwater holds forth on this genteel pastime.

HORSE LOVERS (Scribners) By Lieut.-Col. Geoffrey Brooke. Recommended to members of the 306th Cavalry attending G. W.

MY PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS (Macaulay) Edited by Frank Shay. A collection of American ballads with John Held, Jr., woodcuts.

AUBREY BEARDSLEY (Simon &

Schuster) By Haldane MacFall. You remember Aubrey of the obscene drawings.

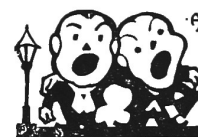
A PRESIDENT IS BORN (Harper & Bros.) By Fannie Hurst. All right if you can stand her spasmodic style.

CITIES OF THE PLAIN (A. & C. Boni) By Marcel Proust; Translation by C. K. Scott Moncrieff. Those who can't
(Continued on Page 24)



TIMELY TUNES

By Sherman Elbridge Johnson



WE HEREBY announce appointment of a nation-wide committee to urge that the following tunes from Sharps and Frats be recorded for the phonograph: I'll Be The Girl, See What Love Did, and So Long to The Blues. Calvin Coolidge, probably best known as President of the United States, will head this committee, so take any suggestions up with him. With him will serve two unidentified men from Perth Amboy, N. J.

The most remarkable recording that we have heard this month is that of Al Jolson, who sings *Mother of Mine*, *I Still Have You*, and *Blue River* (Brunswick). This is the first record Al has made for some time, and it gives him ample opportunity to show his stuff. The former song is a mammy song, and the latter of course needs no introduction. With his unearthly talent for blues songs and his clear enunciation, Jolson is away out front.

Most intriguing is the latest Waring's Pennsylvanians record, *I Scream, You Scream, We All Scream for Ice Cream* (Victor). It is one of those utterly inane things that the Warings get away with so well. Do you remember *Sa-Lu-Ta*? Well, this is better. It gives the rasping-voiced trap drummer a chance to show his stuff, as usual. You'll like this. We noticed two Ben Bernie numbers particularly: *Mine—All Mine*, and *There Must Be Somebody Else* (Brunswick). There is lots of



Waring's Pennsylvanians

pep in Bernie's orchestra, and he has exceptionally good horns. This is exactly what is needed for dancing. He has good vocal choruses, too. But the record that is really hot, and won't let you keep still, is *Five Pennies* (Columbia), written by Red Nichols, and played by The Charleston Chasers, under his direction. Red, of course, goes in for old-fashioned red hot jazz, with lots of saxophones, clarinets, and that sort of thing. He's the best exponent of that kind of jazz at present. Another hot record is *Girl of My Dreams*, *I Love You* (Victor), played by Blue Steele and His Orchestra. We never heard of Blue Steele before but we'll hear more of him.

Our personal tastes, however, run to the more tuneful sort of jazz, and even to more conservative things. We are thrilled

by the announcement of Victor that they are bringing out an album of Victor Herbert records, with selections from *Mlle. Modiste*, *The Fortune Teller*, *Babes in Toyland*, *The Red Mill*, and others. This writer is a tremendous Victor Herbert fan, and undoubtedly there must be others in college who are.

Records from current musical shows continue to pour out. Thus we have *Did You Mean It* (from *A Night in Spain*), played by Vincent Rose, Jackie Taylor and Their Hollywood Orchestra (Columbia), which gets a white vote; *'S Wonderful* (from *Funny Face*), by Bernie Cummings' outfit (Brunswick); the same by Victor Arden, Phil Ohman, and Their Orchestra (Victor), quite an adequate recording; *I Live, I Die For You*, by The Columbians (Columbia), which is rather tuneful; *Thou Swell*, done by Johnny Johnson and His Hotel Statler Pennsylvanians (Victor), which is a knockout. *Did You Mean It* is also played by The Virginians (Victor) and is not bad. We did not, however, care for Vaughn De Leath and Frank Harris' record of *Playground in the Sky* (Columbia). They should stick to singing, and not indulge in this silly pseudo-pathetic talking; no one gets a kick out of that. *Make Believe You're Happy*, from *Lovely Lady* (Victor) is another Johnny Johnson piece and quite catchy. This lad Johnson is being given a lot of recording to do, and he does it well. Dawn,

(Continued on Page 26)

BEST

Blue River (sung by Jolson) (Brunswick)
Girl of My Dreams, *I Love You* (Victor)
Five Pennies (Columbia)
What'll You Do (Victor)
Among My Souvenirs (Brunswick)
Dream Kisses (Columbia)



THE THEATRE

(Continued from Page 21)

dramatic organizations. First we shall tell a little story.

The other night we were down at 41½ Street, and noticed a man stagger into the gutter. Upon investigating, we found that he was utterly exhausted, and had not eaten anything for ten days. He said his name was Wendell Marshall, that he was a playwright, and had been starving in his garret. After staking him to a meal, he became filled with gratitude, and thrusting a manuscript into our hands he fled into the night before we could do a thing. The manuscript proved to be his latest play, which we hereby offer to the G. W. Players or Troubadours for their next production. If they care to use it, it will be O. K. with us.

Prologue

(*This scene is a fox-hunt in delightful old Virginia. The hunting party rides on stage, aided by the horses. The trumpeter blows the noon-day whistle, the hunters burst into song, and the hunt is on.*)

CHORUS: "A hunting we will go, a hunting we will go, heigh-oh, the merry-oh, the farmer in the dell."

(*The hounds enter*)

1ST DOG: Bow wow.

2ND DOG: Woof.

3RD DOG: Woof woof.

8TH DOG: Ki yi.

(*The fox peeks from behind a tree stump*).

FOX: Have you been to the new Fox Theatre?

(*The dogs hold a hasty conference, the Virginians have another hunting song, and the cur-*

tain comes down on this happy hunting scene in delightful old Virginia).

The Play:

The Light House Keeper, or Why I Done It.

Sally waited, breathlessly, eagerly, expectantly, for her wayward husband, gone for twelve long years. Today, it seemed to her, he would return. She kissed the baby that she held on her knee, and again wondered about her lost spouse (souse). (The censor just told me that the baby was her sister's.)

Suddenly a sound, a long drawn out scream, ah—could that be Oscar's footsteps? She rushed out into the yard to greet him, but there was nothing there except an unread and discarded copy of the GHOST.

A cannon shot came from within the house; she rushed back, and then heaved a gentle sigh through the open window, for it was only her half-wit son Jo-Jo, bouncing bricks on the baby's head. Words of mild reproach came to baby's lips, and she smiled sweetly; Jo-Jo was so playful. How the realization of her great mother love came to her as she fondly took him in her arms, and choked him into insensibility.

She sighed, and went back to keep her watch. She suddenly made up her mind as she gazed at the cheese-shaped town clock—she would wait but eight more years.

Ah—the boards creaked. My God! could it be Oscar? An imperceptible tremor shook her delicately beautiful body—she listened for the footsteps—they came closer, closer, and the door opened slowly, slowly. Oscar stumbled in and fell at her feet, dead—drunk.

Mercy, how she loved her husband. She rushed over and passionately kicked him around the head, neck and shoulders.

Thank the Lord he was back,

and she, she had recognized him, with the same face, the same eyes, and the same pair of sox, after twelve years.

(*The audience is requested to remain seated until The President has departed.*)



AS TO BOOKS

(Continued from Page 22)

read French may now read *Sodome et Gomorrhe* if they have \$15.

THE LAST POST (A. & C. Boni) Ford Madox Ford. The fourth and last of the Tietjens Saga.

MOTHER INDIA (Harcourt & Brace) By Katherine Mayo. One of our co-eds told us that this is very swish.

NAPOLEON AND HIS WOMEN FRIENDS (J. B. Lippincott & Co.) By Gertrude Aretz. *Tst! Tst! Tst!*

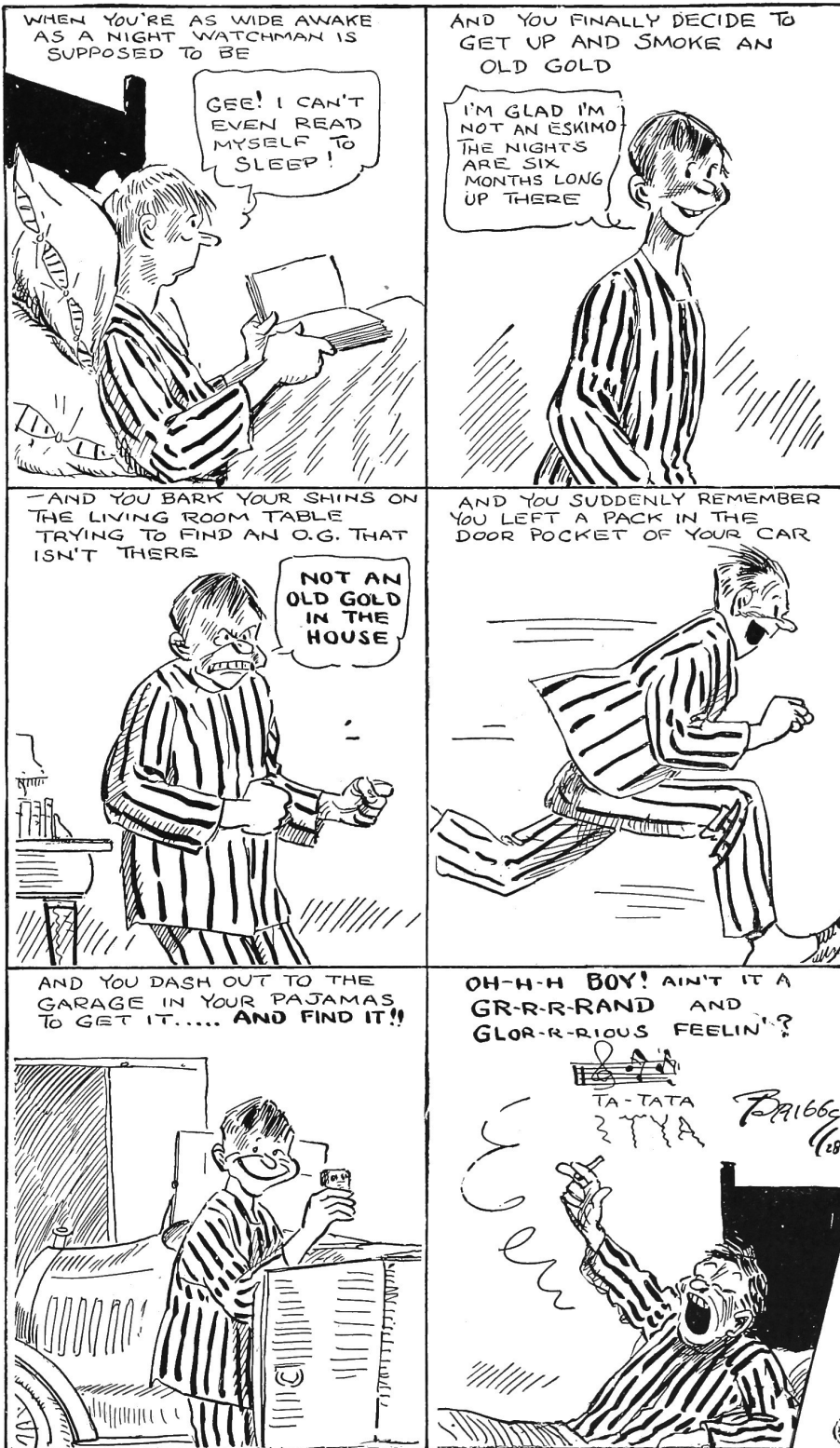
THE ELLINGTON BRAT (Dodd Mead & Co.) Bertha N. Mellett. Some more about social life in our big town.

ARCHY & MEHITABEL (doubleday doran) by don marquis. The collection of stories about the cockroach who was once a *vers libre* poet, and the transfiguration of Cleopatra, who was *toujours gai* but always a lady. Very amusing.

SOUTHERN CHARM (Alfred A. Knopf) Isa Glenn. Another novel to prove that virtue is not its own reward.

THE UGLY DUCHESS (Viking Press) Lion Feuchtwanger. An historical novel translated by Willa and Edwin Muir.

Ain't It a Grand and Glorious Feelin'? : : By BRIGGS



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.. not a cough in a carload



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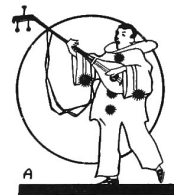
1710 Pennsylvania Ave., N.W.

Victrolas - Records - Radios

A Memo

to our talented Art Staff, and all others who wish to contribute to our next issue (see inside back cover.)—

Please have your drawings in by February 10. Thanking you, we are

**TIMELY****TUNES**

(Continued from Page 23)

from Golden Dawn (Victor) is a very pretty piece, played by The Troubadours.

Entertaining vocal pieces: What'll You Do, by Correll and Gosden (Victor), which is the best vocal record of the month; There's a Cradle in Caroline, by Frank Bessinger and Ed Smalle (Brunswick), a close second; Highways Are Happy Ways, by Freddie Rose, a tenor (Brunswick); I Told Them All About You (Columbia), by the Four Aristocrats, who sing and play guitars; Mother of Mine, I Still Have You, sung by the Silver-Masked Tenor (Victor), if you care for Mother songs sung by tearful tenors. Kitty O'Connor, the Girl Baritone, sings Sweetheart Memories (Columbia). She's a real baritone, but that's about all. Jane Green, good comedienne and blues singer, does quite well with My One and Only (Victor).

Jesse Crawford has made his first really "knock-out" record in several months. It is Among My Souvenirs and Diane (Victor). You'll get a great kick out of the Souvenirs song played on the piano by Lee Sims (Brunswick), as well. We can't urge too strongly that you hear these. Among the semi-classical numbers note La Golondrina (The Swallow), played by the Victor Salon Orchestra.

Gene Austin is out with The Lonesome Road (Victor), which he composed himself. It suits his style of singing very well, but we can't rave about it. Changes, played by Paul Whiteman (Victor) should be heard, as should: What'll You Do, by Leo Reisman and His Orchestra (Columbia), Rain, by Jacques Renard and His Cocoanut Grove outfit (Victor), Dream Kisses, by the Ipana Troubadours (Columbia), It Was Only a Sun Shower, done by Kenn Sisson and His Orchestra (Brunswick). Renard plays very sweet music. The vocal refrain in the Sisson record is not so hot.

But there are any number of good records, and we could go on all night. January has been a most tremendously good month for popular music.

What Shakespeare says about Coca-Cola



Othello
Act II, Scene 3

*8 million
a day*

**“Your name is great
in mouths of wisest
censure” ~**

Mr. Othello was always very serious. Naturally, Mr. Shakespeare, writing for our day as well as his own, picked him to utter the remark above—a fitting caption for an opinion the United States Supreme Court was one day to hand down on Coca-Cola:

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g. w. students who are
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little theatre

on 9th street between f and g

NAUGHTY! NAUGHTY!

"He kissed her under the mistletoe."

"Oh—that parasite!"

—*Pitt Panther.*



HAD YOUR IRON TODAY?

I call him my iron man because he is so
ironical.

—*Scarlet Saint.*

WE'RE IN THE ARMY NOW

She was only a drill-sergeant's daughter,
but she knew when to call a halt.

—*Lafayette Lyre.*



TRY THIS ON YOUR PIANO

Him: "So you're an accomplished musician?"

Her: "Why, yes."

Him: "Play something hard, will you?"

Her: "Sure, how about 'Rock of Ages'?"

—*Reserve Red Cat.*

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And Cut to Order

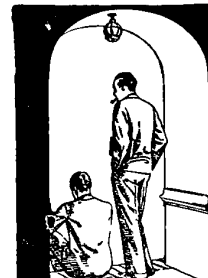
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Bearly
Camels Hair
Coat
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Bearly
Camels Hair
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JUST BETWEEN US GIRLS

"Don't you feel cold with nothing on under that coat?"

"Quite the contrary, my dear."

—Ohio Green Goat.



MISUNDERSTOOD AGAIN!

He (getting mushy): "My wife is all right, but somehow she don't seem to understand me."

She: "I know how that is, Mr. Dingbat; I can hardly understand you myself when you try to talk with that atrocious cigar in your mouth."

—Vanderbilt Masquerader.

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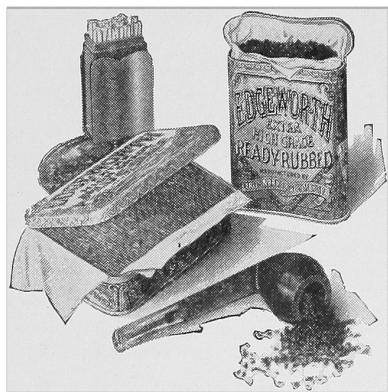


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THESE PUNS

"See the pretty girl? She's the gas man's daughter."

"Gee, I'd like to meter."

—Georgia Cracker.



MODERN

"You have a charming wife."

"Sorry, old man, but she's spoken for two divorces ahead."

—Spartan Spasms.

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SO THAT'S IT

"What were your father's last words?"

"There were no last words. Mother was with him to the end."

—*Missouri Outlaw.*



FIRST AID

Attorney—Did you or did you not strangle this man to death?

Defendant—I did not, yer honor, in the fight he cut himself on the chin, and we wrapped a tourniquet around his throat to keep him from bleeding to death.

—*Oklahoma Whirlwind.*



IT TICKLES!

"Gimme \$25 worth of scratch paper."

"What?"

"Hurry up. I got the seven-year itch."

—*Texas Ranger.*



DIFFERENT STORY

"Ma, baby just dropped a penny down the well!"

"I'll give him another."

"Oh, don't bother, he still has it in his hand."

—*Red Cat.*



US MORONS

First Movie Fan: "What did that sub-title say?"

Second Movie Fan: "I don't know, I didn't hear."

—*Michigan Gargoyle.*

RUSHING BUSINESS

"Aren't you the girl that I kissed in the library last night?"

"What time?"

—Ohio Green Goat.



THE GOOD OLD SILVER PHIZZ

Everyone here in Atlantic City has been awfully nice to me, but really, I must get back to Iowa and my Art. Which reminds me of a story about Scarface Al Capone and Dion O'Bannon, deceased.

Said Scarface, "Egad, friend O'Bannon, and what is a scholarship?"

"A floating university, of course," said O'Bannon, deceased, who was quite a boy in his day.

—Virginia Reel.



THIS IS THE LIMIT

"What makes you think he's so tactful?"

"He lays carpets for a living."

—Pitt Panther.



A CHICAGO JOKE

First Gunman: Bang!

Second Gunman: Bang!

—Ohio Green Goat.



LOOK AT THE PRETTY HORSE

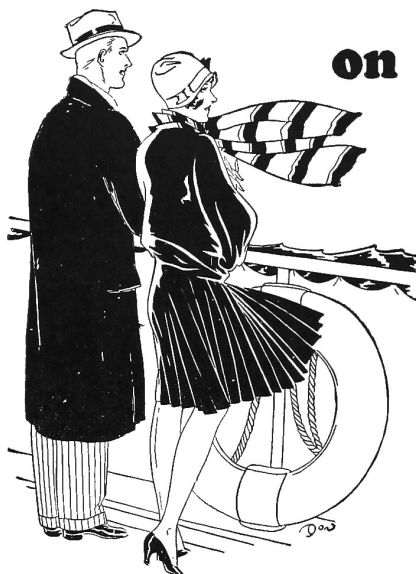
"Did you read about the Lady Godiva stunt in Chicago?"

"I saw a bare mention of it."

—Georgia Cracker.

"Do" EUROPE

on \$**375**



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SO HAVE WE

First Bo: "Say, have youse hoid dad de total wealth of dis country is \$3,555 per person?"

Second Bo: "My Gawd, I've been robbed."

—Ohio Green Goat.



NEITHER DO WE

And then there's the Scotchman who was so tight he wouldn't even give a damn.

—Stanford Chapparat.

AN ARTIST'S DREAM

Dan McGrew: "I'm damb quick on the draw."

Snake McTigue: "Good, draw me a perty goil."

—Ohio Green Goat.



NOWADAYS

Here's a dime, son, get yourself an ice cream soda at the corner saloon, then stop at the corner drug store and bring your old man home.

—Pitt Panther.



Wardman Park Hotel

Music by Meyer Davis'
Wardman Park
Orchestra

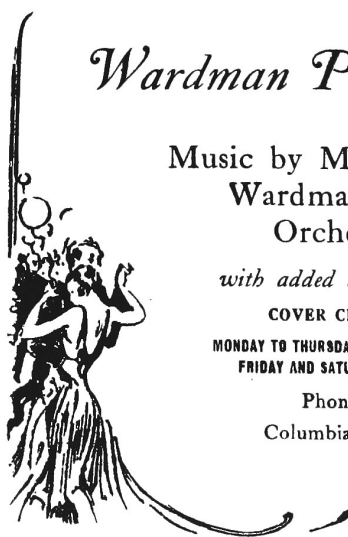
with added attractions

COVER CHARGE

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TO ARMS! TO ARMS!



This is our old friend Venus de Milo, the girl who couldn't slap you even if she wanted to. She will doubtless have quite a prominent part in our next issue, the ART NUMBER, which will blossom forth about March 1. Venus is a good girl, and has often asked us to come around and see her. We have been putting it off, but will go around soon, for she undoubtedly knows some good yarns for the ART NUMBER. Good old Venus!

Camel

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